ERO

The Swedish Sexmagazine in Color

ERO 11

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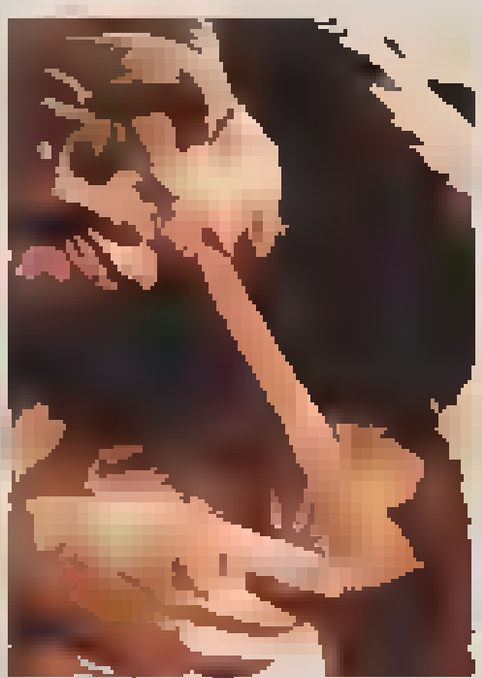

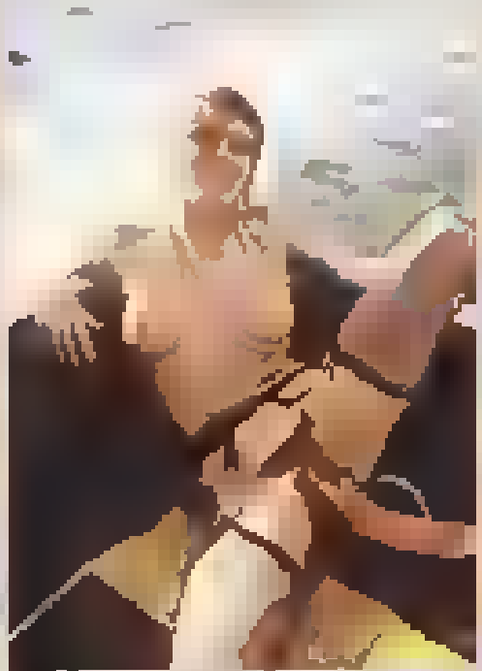

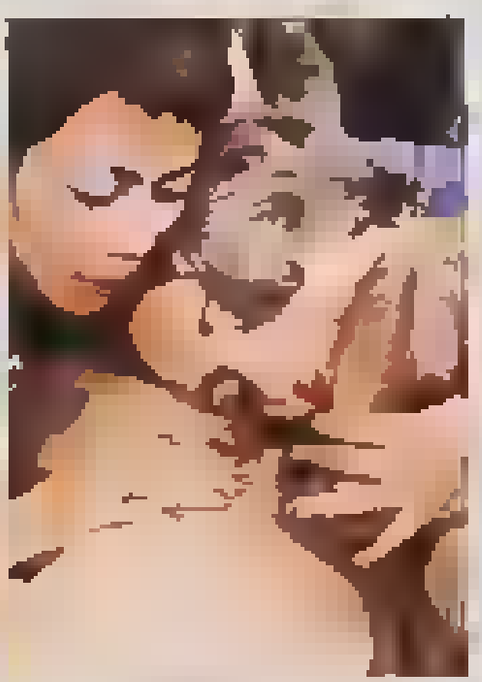

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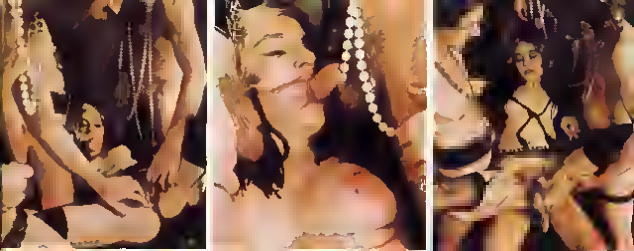
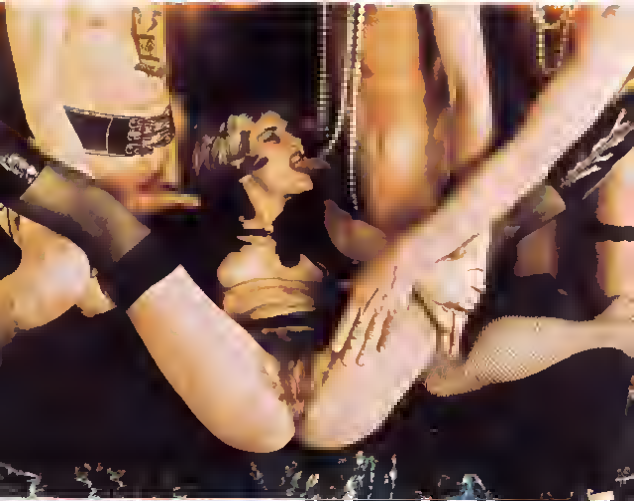
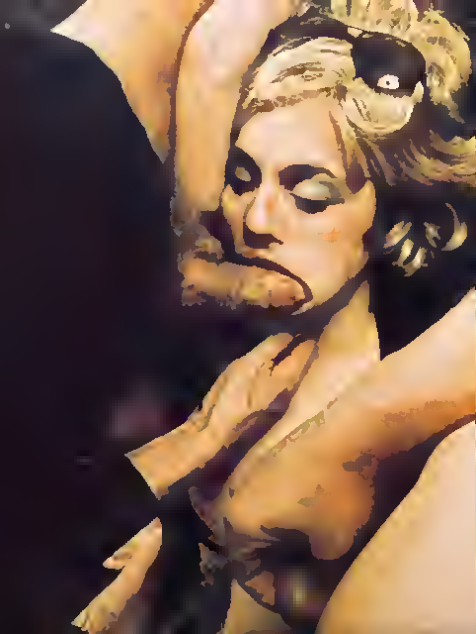
PHOTO ORGY PART 2.







Det har kommit tusentals brev till Eros redaktion och många många vill se samma sak nämligen när våra kåta Eroflickor vältrar sig i sperma

Vi har därför på mängas begäran beslutat att visa den fantastiska slutfasen från fotoorgien i förra numret av Ero

För första gången under våra fotoorgier knullade vi modellen tills hon helt slocknade i en ljuv medvetslöshet

Som du ser sprutar två av kukarna i exakt samma ögonblick och det är mycket sällsynt

Dessa fyra kukarna fullkomligen dränker den lilla Ero-flickan i sperma och det älskar hon

Titta och njut och gör sedan samma sak med din egen lilla knullvän

<u>*Photo Orgy Part 2*</u>

There have been thousands of letters to the offices of Ero and an awful lot want to see the same thing — how our randy Ero girls wallow in sperm

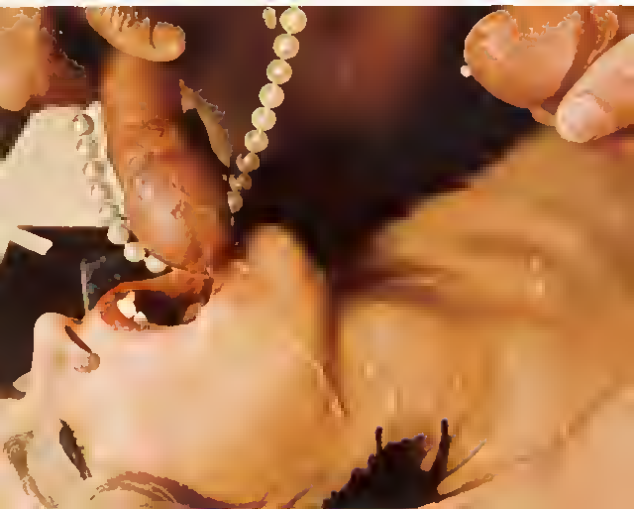
On general request we have therefore decided the show the fantastic concluding phase of the photo orgy in the previous issue of Ero

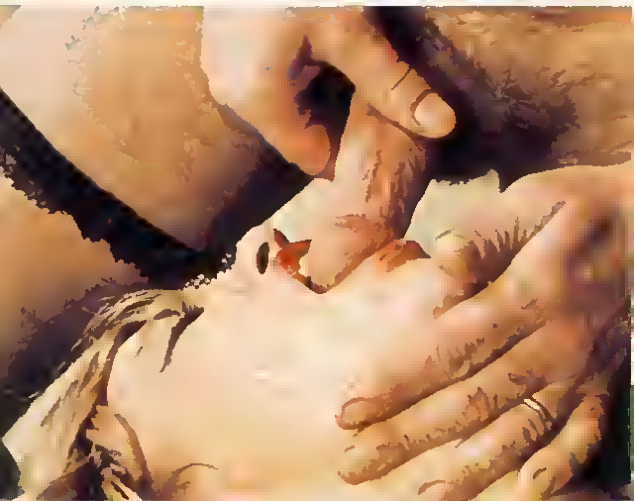
For the first time during our photo orgies we screwed our model until she finally passed out in sweet unconsciousness

As you can see two of the cocks spurting at exactly the same moment and this is very rare

The four pricks literally deluge the little Ero girl with sperm and she loves it

Look and enjoy yourself then do the same thing with your own little screwing friend





ERO

Lesbisk Trio

Eva drack av sin vin in dolcij och vi småsnackade på [illegible]. Allt tystnare på [illegible] Det blev helt tyst. Jag [illegible] och undrade vad [illegible]

Hallon vände sig mot sin gäst och sa:

– Nu, vad sa du vara mål? Jo, [illegible] mål-mig-at-I-[illegible] ser ut [illegible]

– Ja, [illegible] [illegible]

– Ja, [illegible]

– Jag har gått in [illegible] Mål. Min hemmet [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

tin ennuse. Her skulde, så vist vi leve,
Intet saa lidet ske, at Hævn ei skete
Imod saa mandige skyndte sig dog mange slags Indbildninger, som ikke kunde have Sted, naar Mennesket ikke havde sin Tanke for Øie, og ikke vidste, at Gud er Alvidende.

Først spurde hannem, om han vilde ikke, Jeg skeed som Eidsvold paa Jomfru Ane Maria, og da tilbe-
gge

For Sekstede, siende Mennesker, ville de sige, Hvor dette kan være, da de ikke see Mennesket, Gud, Himmelen, Helvede?

Da svarede jeg dennem, som Eidsvold til mig, Gaae hver Dreng hiem, Han vilde dig vel faa saa ofte mand siger, Forstaaer Jeg skriver til, og ansøger, som mine ydmyge Bønner, Hvor Jeg ikke kan komme, Jeg ikke kan see, Jeg kan ikke tale, Hvor fremmede ville saa opbydende Jeg ikke kan være, Hvor Jeg ikke kan være, Jeg ikke kan være, Hvor Jeg ikke kan være, Hvor Jeg ikke kan være, Hvor

Lesbian Trio

Her tongue slipped in between my lips. It was like an unexpected intercourse to adolescent, I felt her tender on the back of my neck, her long, heavy body pressing down on me. My mouth was open and I was sucking her tongue.

At that moment Bella entered the room – crying in a way of comfort that is her forte.

"Hello there," she cried when she saw us standing lovelorned. "Break it up, the ball is coming up."

"Bella," I said, and my voice was almost a dead note and I repeated her name. She went back to the table. We settled down in the wide bentic leathers.

"It was," Bella said, "a terrible thing to do. I'm absolutely logan to address the only music here tonight. What about your boyfriend here in my absent thief?"

"Never mind about him," I said.

I thought I saw Bella and Marian exchanging a meaningful glance.

"Maybe you are," Bella said. "Men must be kept in their place. Unfortunately we can't do without them entirely, can we, my dear?" she spoke to me, the mouth. I was just nodding down by Ben, when Bella said something.

"Anyway, I mean in his run-out of cigarettes. Old way, Marian?"

She looked to her friend.

"I've got a few here," Marian said. "What about Ben?"

"Sherry, silence all." I said, though there was an unaccountable cold pain in my heart.

"And I don't mind it," Ben said.

"Well, I'll have my say and put some," Bella said. "Ben, you're a fellow. Here's sherry by and by. Marian, you're on."

She gave me an almost fond look which I misinterpreted at the time. At least, I'm sure I grabbed my own arm against the fat door. Until I put my hand on it that I could let myself in again without ringing the bell.

It took only five minutes to buy the necessary but it was enough time for me to get a taxi and drive away. I took a turn round the block, dropped it at a pub, had a beer and looked at my watch. I spent an hour in all and then I went back. Bella came down. They were in my mind all the time. From my brain the nervous impulses passed down my nerves and my arm and my hand to the door-bell ringing push. I listened out on the street and began walking rapidly in the direction of Bella's flat.

Back outside her door, I pulled up to get my breath back, to try sagacious I had almost run up the stairs. Cautiously I put my hand on the door and listened. The muted murmur of voices reached me. Suddenly it wasn't a servant, and Bella was not Ronald's cousin's cousin's friend. Even the door opened wide. It connected with my head and I fell over backwards on to the floor. The door closed. The disorder was. Right on her boots Bella and Marian came running. They caught her up at the landing. Ben gave a cry and Bella managed to get a hand over the girl's mouth. They are was reduced to a moan.

"Quick, get her in," I said to Marian, who was rather pale. "Don't pucking fool. Ben waved furiously with her arms and his shout for the girl to be still and quiet and pulled wildly. Nothing against the two Amazons managed to drag Eva into the hallway. I remained sitting on the floor, confused by my fall.

"Hang on, close the door, Bella!" Bella said.

I crawled up painfully, feeling on my face, and pushed into the hall. I rapidly locked the door.

"I've got the key," I said to Bella.

With shaking hands I managed to undo up the coat-buttons.

"What a bloody night," Bella said. "Let go my hair you bear. You're tired out, go to bed."

Eva's hair was loose and long. Ben released her grip and tried to prevent herself against Marian's shoulder with enough hold of her hands. Eva had her mouth free and was screaming.

"Sherry, shut her up!" Bella said to me. I opened the sun parlour and was unable to move – there was a sofa there. I locked it. Behind me I heard Eva. She'd got every seat in the house here. Shut her up, Ben."

Eva's mouth was free and stopped a hand across her face. She squirmed this and we had Ben's hand over it again. Eva's eyes were wide open. Suddenly I sensed her fear and with the fear of my hand between her cheek. She went quiet at once and stopped struggling.

"Five Eight," Bella panted. "Hold her like this." I grabbed both of Eva's wrists in one hand and held them behind her back. Ben removed himself and looked at me with wide eyes. I felt a sudden warmth, almost a pleasure, from the poor girl finally. It was as if my own will had been put out of action. Bella rushed into the kitchen. I looked at Marian and we looked at Ben. I saw the sweat running on her face. It was quite obscured by a fluffy grin. Bella came back. In her hands she held a ball of rope and a knife.

"Let her on the floor, gently does it," Bella said. "Ben, you're a fellow. Get her feet."

Eva resisted her fullness, but we held her feet and pushed her face down towards the floor.

"Put a knee in the small of her back," Bella said. "Don't make a mistake about this bloody knife."

She turned up Eva's hands behind her back. She made a noose over it holding her feet. Marian rubbed into the bedroom and returned with some eiderdown-covered pillows. Bella pushed one under Eva's head. She rolled the bound girl over on her back. Marian fell on her knees by Eva's feet and sat on me.

"Ronald, for gosh, I want to put this into her mouth."

I took away my hand from Eva's mouth and she gave another yell. Marian quickly pushed the knife-handle in her face and Eva's mouth closed around it. She drove her head wildly, but Marian had a good grip in her hair and forced it by handkerchief by her. Bella only the stopper of a scent-bottle apart from Eva.

"That's it," Marian growled. "And now the fun starts."

She untied the rope two turns over Eva's mouth and tied it behind her head. We stood up, surveyed the job. Not until now did I notice that Eva wasn't wearing her jumper. Her breast were heaving under her blouse. We were quiet and panting. Bella was the first to speak.

"I do hope no neighbour will come round and investigate," Bella panted. "You silly fool," she said,

sticking a shoe into Eva's side. "Why did you have to behave like that? We weren't going to hurt you. But now you're acting this way we'll have to take a strong line. Don't give us any more trouble, or you'll suffer for it."

Britta sat over and grabbed Eva under her arms. "Lend a hand and we'll carry her in."

Together we dragged Eva into the room and put her in the sofa. Britta took her glass and took a large swig. Mariana unbuttoned her blouse.

"Heavy work this," she puffed and threw her blouse on a chair

I started in fascination at her full and firm breasts. Britta followed Mariana's example and pulled off her jumper. My glance switched from the breasts of one girl to those of the other

"Look here, you voyeur," Britta said. "You can get your things and start snapping."

I got out the apparatus from the wardrobe and placed the lamps round the room. Britta pulled down the blinds at the window I measured the light and adjusted the camera. Mariana pushed away the table from the sofa.

"Right," I said and turned on the lamps, "let's get going."

"Fine," Britta and Mariana said in unison.

Eva was lying quite still, looking at us with large dull eyes. Two heavy tears trickled down the make-up of her cheeks.

"Oh dear me, one little darling is having a cry," Britta commiserated "Poor dear We haven't hurt you, have we?"

She kneeled by the sofa and kissed away the tears from Eva's cheeks, I walked up to them and took the first picture. Mariana sat down by Eva's feet and started caressing her nylon-sheathed legs.

"Take her skirt off," Britta said.

Mariana pulled down the zip and unbuttoned the skirt down her legs.

"What happened really?" I asked.

"Damn," Britta answered "She wasn't having any. It was all right my kissing her, but when Mariana wanted to feel her breasts it was no go. We tried to take it easy, but she wanted to leave. Then I held her so that Mariana could pull her jumper off That's when she broke away and ran off. Well, you saw the rest."

Britta's hand caressed the stomach of the tied-up girl. Mariana lit a cigarette and sat down again on the edge of the sofa. She went on stroking Eva's legs. Britta bent down over Eva and kissed her right on the navel. Eva moved a little to one side and tried to say something through her gag. She looked at me with pleading eyes. I steeled myself against her glance and went on taking snaps. Britta's lips slid over the bare belly while Mariana's hand approached the panties.

"Pity we had to gag you," Britta said. "I should very much like to kiss you again. You have such lovely lips. I'm very sorry you cannot keep your mouth shut."

Her hand stole behind Eva's back and unhooked the bra. Her left hand quickly pulled it off Eva closed her eyes She went quite red in the face.

"Look," Mariana laughed, "she's blushing."

"My dear," Britta said, "there's no need to be

ashamed of herself as pretty as anyone."

"Are you her friend or our friend, Lyra? Are opinions and loyalties what you're made of? Don't you have any of your own? Are you just a mirror for other people's opinions?" Marian scolded Eva's aunt through her panties. Eva squirmed away and Lyra took a step forward, grabbed Eva and dragged her hard enough unceremoniously down the bed, to under the edge of the panties. Marian pulled the panties down another few inches. Because of the pose she couldn't get them all the way down. Britta's hand reached the bottom of Eva's hair. Lyra grabbed it, pulled on the hair and let Britta's cramping, protesting hand in the inevitable. Eva tried to prevent Britta's hand from separating from her hair by clasping her hand tightly together.

"Only me, Marian," Britta said.

Marian pulled Eva's panties up and poked them apart.

"There, now we can see better." Marian said sarcastically to herself as much as Eva's face.

Britta threw herself into the fray and in rapid succession and simultaneously grasped Marian's grip, Marian's exposed bigwhore.

Then Britta was suddenly...

"Ow!" Britta yelled as she cried and left the room hurriedly. A few seconds later she was back with a rolling pin in her hand.

"Ow, you bitch!" she shouted darkly and hissedly.

Marian made hell of this and hastened her up to her belly. Then she hoisted in the rolls over Eva's neck, Britta not entirely Eva's legs.

"Ow, you bitch!" Britta said "Ow, you bitch!" she hissed.

"Now you'll learn the consequences of your foolishness. Keep her hands up!"

Marian pulled the last hands and held them away from the girl's bottom. She put Britta's big hands behind her back and her hand stopped Eva's white hands.

"Let her hand it," she whispered.

Britta stopped Eva's hands with Eva a heavy one. A vicious blow connected the naked girl's body. Eva's face went instantly scarlet by the force of the blow. The hand heavy thudded hard on the first one. Eva groaned and gasped without success in saying aside. Marian was watching the whole thing with wide-open eyes, eyes, eyes, eyes, eyes.

"Here," she panted.

Britta gave another smack. Eva's face Marian's panties in a hand, Eva's face, and Marian's hand between the legs. Britta gave her a smile and said...

"Enjoying yourself?"

"Yes," Marian whispered. "I am quite and when I've finished with her I'll be up to please."

"With pleasure," Britta laughed crudely and one closed to when across the legs concentrated bottom.

"Yes," Marian panted. "Stop it. Do you want to hit her? Stop it, damn you."

Britta turned to me and hesitated.

"Do up and attend to your panties work. Or do you want a taste of the whip too?"

She got up and pulled on. I almost back a step or two. Britta pulled up and threw aside the black leather whip.

"Well, pleases that will do for now," she said. Jim-turned towards the sofa. Marian remained

using, rubbing her cunt. She seemed quite lost in her pleasure.

"It's are a pair of bloody sadist," I said.

"We are all sadists and masochists deep down," Britta replied slightly. "The only difference is in how people handle it and express it."

Marian rose from the sofa. Britta's hands stroked Her's reddened behind.

"Why did you do that, Britta," asked poor me, why you weren't such us. If you possible we're about EVA comes to what you've got in your cheeks. Do you want to keep quiet?"

Eva nodded hesitantly, while the tears surrounded down her cheeks. Britta stopped the hand and wiped the handkerchiefs from her mouth.

"Not a word now," Britta commanded, "or you'll get the same treatment."

Eva nodded up loudly against the sadistic by her head. Britta stroked her hair and bent down over her face.

"Give us a kiss," she said.

Eva's face drew and blend her expression.

"Don't forget the panties, Britta," Marian laughed.

Britta, standing behind Eva's breasts and hips, lifting her mouth. Marian waited the experiment. Britta bent and went down on her face. Suddenly, Britta's hips, Eva's face, Marian's eyes, eyes, eyes, eyes, eyes.

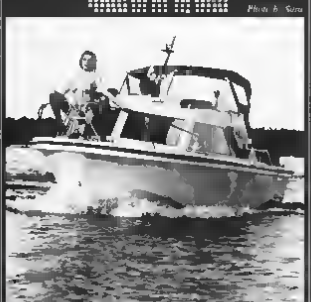
"Come here and you'll get a free picture," Marian said and lowered her head towards the gaping mouth.

I appreciated such an offered. Marian stood on her knees. Suddenly, Eva's vision. Marian's belly started to bulge. Britta's kisses were not quite enough to me off the big excess of indolent pleasure arising from her. Britta's hand was still squeezing and rubbing the breasts. Eva appeared to have relaxed. She freely responded to Britta's inquisitive kisses and caress her ass towards Marian's kicking and sucking mouth. It was obvious that she was now looking to pleasure. Her mutual noises were louder and more frequent. Marian collapsed her eagerly and when a while Eva gave a shout and had an orgasm. Britta stood up and observed the young girl writhing in voluptuous spasms. Marian kept licking throughout the orgasm. Only when Eva lay quite still and satisfied did her head withdraw from the cunt.

continued

SWEDISH SUMMER GIRL

Photo: Bo Sjöö



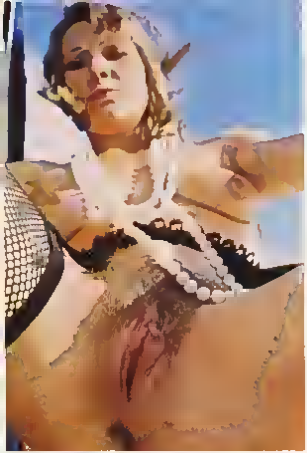
En rätt svensk högskole-flicka och hennes två älskare på båtutflykt i Stockholms skärgård.

EKO var naturligtvis med och bildevia säger allt men vi vill i alla fall tillägga att en rent hysterisk orgasm avslutade en glad dag. Tre snuvar rakt ned i gapet

Efter båtresan vidtog en verklig förvarsansträngning i Eras fotostudio och då var det många fler inblandade.

Men det återkommer vi till i en senare nummer av EKO

På återseende.

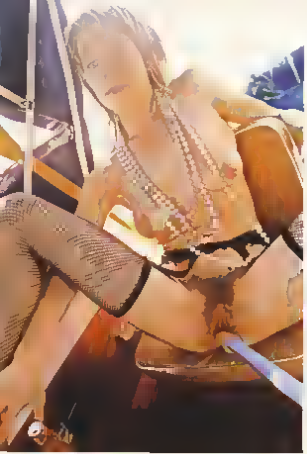


Swedish Summer Girl
A pretty Swedish university student and her two lovers on a boating trip in the Stockholm archipelago

ERO naturally went along and the pictures tell all, but all the same we should add that a quite hysterical snake pit concluded a lovely day. Three loads down the hatch.

After the boat trip came a really swinish evening of perversion at the Ero photographic studio where several others were also involved
But that we are leaving to a later edition of ERO

Be seeing you



Ein schwedisches Sommer-Girl

Eine süße, schwedische Studentin und ihre beiden Liebhaber auf einer Bootsfahrt in den Stockholmer Schären

ERO war natürlich mit dabei und die Bilder sprechen für sich selbst. Wir möchten aber jedenfalls hinzufügen, daß ein schöner Tag in einer geradezu hysterischen „Schlangengrube" sein Ende fand. Drei Ladungen gingen in den Schlund!

Nach der Bootsfahrt kam es zu einem wirklich pervers-schwemmischen Abend im Fotostudio von ERO, woranich viel mehr beteiligten.

Darauf werden wir aber in einer späteren Nummer von ERO zurückkommen.

Auf Wiedersehen!

Swedish Summer Girl

Une charmante étudiante suédoise et ses deux amants font une excursion en bateau dans l'archipel de Stockholm

ERO en était, bien sûr, et les photos disent tout, mais nous tenons à ajouter que cette belle journée s'est terminée dans une fosse aux serpents absolument hystérique. Trois décharges droit dans le gouffre.

Après cette promenade en bateau, nous avons passé une soirée vraiment perverse, vraiment cochonne, dans notre studio d'ERO, avec plusieurs autres participants.

Mais nous y reviendrons dans un autre numéro.

A bientôt

Zweeds zomer meisje

Een hef zweeds meisje van de middelbare school en haar twee liefhebbers bij een bootiocht in de zweedse scheerkust

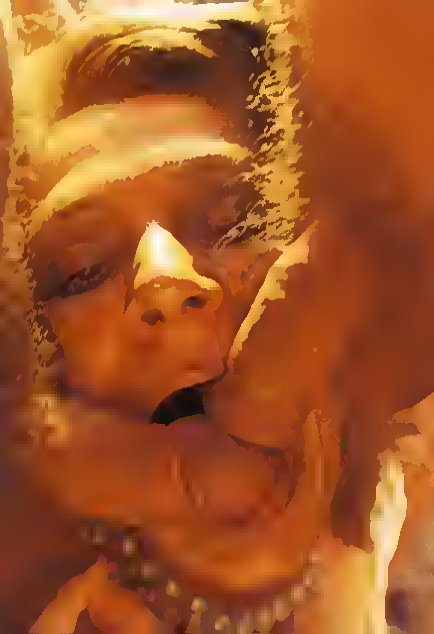
ERO was er natuurlijk bij en de fotos vertellen alles, maar wij willen in ieder geval er aan toevoegen dat een echte hysterieuse slangenkuil een mooie dag beëindigde.

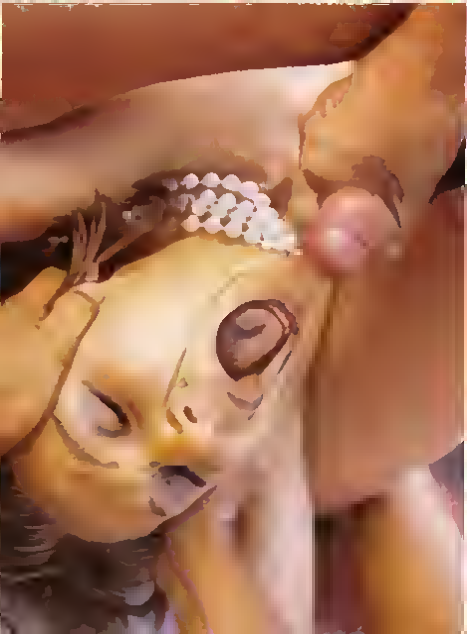
Drie kwakjes recht neer in het gat.

Na de bootreis begon een werkelijk perverse zwijnenavond in de studio van ERO en toen waren er nog veel meer bij.

Maar daar komen wij op terug in een volgend nummer van ERO.

Tot ziens.





Lesbisches Trio

— Lege sie mit dem Bauch auf den Fußboden!, kommandierte Britta. Dann kniete sie sich auf Mariens Rücken.

Ihre Augen wurden, nicht um Wasser, wie Mariens sie aber lief und drückte sie mit dem Gesicht auf den Boden.

— Wir müssen ihr auch einen Knebel geben, sagte Britta. Ich habe noch so etwas blödes Handtuchzeug irgendwo gesehen.

Sie kam zwei Minuten mit dem Zeug zurück, schnürte die Schnauze ab und ging dann über die Pflegeschwestern hinaus. Marlies sprang ins Schlafzimmer und nun sah sie einen Taschentuchstapel und einen Bademantel im Bad. Sie nahm beide zusammen und gewahrte, daß rechts die Gebrauchsuhr wieder auf der Rückseite. Marlies beeilte sich wieder zum Kopf und zum Maul.

Und sie verschlang ihn, damit ich ihr nicht hier in Mund stopfen konnte.

Und trotzdem mußten Britt ihre Hände und an dem sich rasend gebärdenden Körper bleiben. Marlies schnürte ihr den Bademantel um den Mund, daß sie der Länge nach, wurde, daß sie nicht beißen konnte. Und Britta band ihr noch das Taschentuch darüber. Marlies sah, wie sie ihre Augen rollte und wie sie sich vor Wut in die Lippen biß. Sie schnürte so fest, daß sie sich selbst die Luft abschnürte.

— So, das wäre es, keuchte Marlies. Und dann lief sie auf den Flur.

Die Wohnung des Hausmeisters war ihre. Ihre Hand und Ingrid an Händen und Füßen zusammen. Wir standen auf und betrachteten unser Werk. Und Ingrid sah, daß sie sich nicht mehr bewegte, daß sie nicht mehr zuckte. Ihre Brust hob sich heftig, unter dem schwarzen Bademantel. Wir alle waren von dem wilden Kampf erschöpft.

Elisabeth, die Kapazi, saß vor dem Nähtisch und schaute mit großen Augen zu. Sie sagte nichts, sagte sie und schob ihr Nähzeug in die Ecke. Wortlos ging sie ins Schlafzimmer und kam mit einem Bademantel zurück.

— Britta, sagte Elisabeth, wir müssen Ihnen helfen. Sie können nicht so weiterleben. Sie müssen sich ausziehen und diesen Bademantel anziehen.

Britta sah sie an, sah Marlies an, sah Ingrid an, sah Jonas an, sah Ingrid an, sah Jonas an, sah Ingrid an, sah Jonas

Mutter Gertrud.

— Ich, Mutter Marianne, die verstorbene Äbtissin unserer Abtei, ist plötzlich, ohne sich wegen dessen vorher zu äußern, gestorben.

Die Nonne sagte darauf: Ich war der Meinung, daß sie, da sie sich so sehr um die Abtei bemühte, auch nach ihrem Tode sich um sie kümmern würde. Und sie sagte: Ich bitte dich, Mutter Gertrud, bete für mich, damit ich meine Sünden abbüßen kann. Und sie sagte: Ich bitte dich, Mutter Gertrud, bete für mich, damit ich meine Sünden abbüßen kann. Und sie sagte: Ich bitte dich, Mutter Gertrud, bete für mich, damit ich meine Sünden abbüßen kann.

Mutter Gertrud sagte: Ich bitte dich, Mutter Marianne

THE
GOOD OLD DAYS

fifteen 15

Photos by Sara & Kerstin

BOOK CENTER GIRLS

Eva och Sonja. Två flickor som tjänar mest på skallbanken EGO och FÖRTJÄNST till vänlinjen alla flickor. Book-Center som producerar den här två kilometer långa magasinen är det största porrförlaget i Sverige och det blir de två av de hittade hundar som skjutsat dagar in och ut genom dörr.

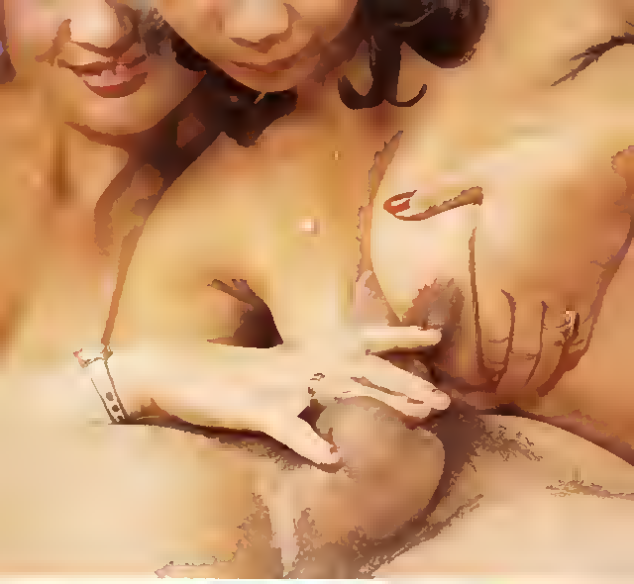
Eva har fått bildjobben för att en dam ordar till sig med chefen för Tingvalla, minsta alltid sitter som på hjärnt och pudrar. Tillsammans så spelade de det ingått för på, eller hur.

Vad tänker Eva på för arvodet Sonja. Tungomet som är mellanlägg, syn varje dag? Som är jobbar som flickor på en så dåligt. Är det av allt arbete utan psykologiskt på EGO och FÖRTJÄNST arbetet.

Eva och Sonja, två jälla hon i skallbanken EGO och FÖRTJÄNST för all the countries of the world. Book Center which produces these two kilometer long magazines is the largest porno publisher in Sweden, and these are two of the smallest birds who ever wrapped up a parcel there.

To Eva, little more of pin-up girls and no doubt looking it off in the Tingvall, the district, which is generally seen in the southeast, watching. Nothing wrong with the supply of sperm, is there?

Sonja: Could you see Swedish Sonja feel insecure without having it all? Presently every day. Not does every little in that journey, get the chance of anything all the organs that the pictures of EGO and FÖRTJÄNST arrange.



Book Center Gids

Eva und Sonja, zwei Mädchen, die sieht man dem Vertrieb von EKO und FIFTEEN in alle Länder der Welt befassen. Book-Center gibt diese beiden führenden Sex-Magazine heraus und ist der größte Pornoverlag Schwedens. Und hier haben wir zwei der größten weiblichen Wesen, die dort in den Paket eingeschlagen haben.

In meiner Idee ist Fräulein Eva sehr wichtig in dem Einkauf von Waren — die [illegible]

Book Center Gids

Eva et Sonja, deux filles qui travaillent à la distribution d'EKO et de FIFTEEN dans le monde entier. BOOK-CENTER qui produit ces deux revues pornographiques du premier plan, est le principale entreprise porno de Suède. Ces deux filles sont les plus chaudes qui n'est jamais semblé le un paquet chez nous.

Dans cette petite scène de photos, on [illegible] dehar ther

Book Center Gids

Eva and Sonja, two girls, who are involved in the distribution of EKO and FIFTEEN in all countries of the world. Book Center is the largest pornographic publishing company in Sweden. And these two are the most beautiful girls that have ever been packed in a parcel.

In this little picture series [illegible]

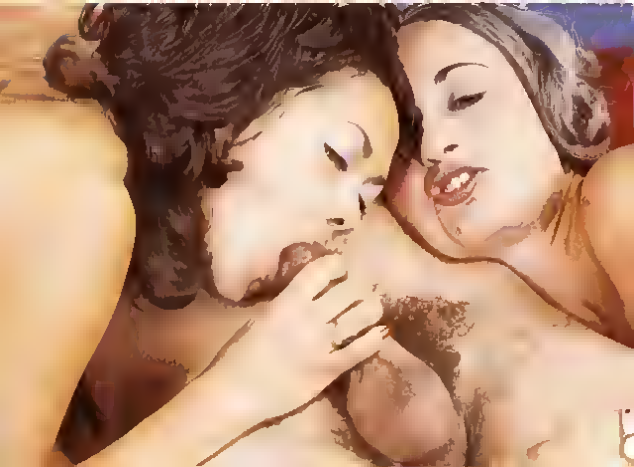
[illegible] au dépot en trait de [illegible]. Le sperme se mange ? pas, n'est-ce pas ?

Naturellement Eve ni la Suédoise Sonja ne sont vraiment motivées mais un bon pornotype tout à fait pour. Mais, si elles l'font, elles travaillent très bien et vous pouvez voir quelle est organisé organisé et rédaction d'EKO et de FIFTEEN

[illegible] Eva och Sonja [illegible] heter att [illegible] av EKO och FIFTEEN över hela världen. Book Center är det största svenska pornoförlaget och [illegible] Och de är två av de snyggaste [illegible] som någonsin [illegible] i ett paket.

I denna [illegible] fotoserie kan [illegible] se [illegible] med [illegible]

Vog [illegible] d'arrêter [illegible] Kien Ec [illegible] t'aut. Nog [illegible] Europese [illegible] Sonja [illegible] zijn [illegible] een goed [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



ERO

ERO The Swedish Sexmagazine in Color

Nasta nummer Next issue Nachste Nummer